Dear Mom & Dad –

This is one of the articles that was printed in November of 1967. As you can see, the robbers car was going so fast that it snapped off a telephone pole. All the windows are broke and smashed to pieces and one side is caved in.

I was in a nearby gravel pit when this was happened and like any other curious person I walked over and looked at the wrecked car.

This is where the policeman first saw me, because I remember seeing him (I think I did) and when he was shown my picture the NEXT MORNING, it would only be natural that my face would seem familar.

Mom, I was searched immediately by one of the hundreds of police officers who came to the scene and searched everybody – and by god, I didn't have dark shoes on, or a red coat, which the robber who got away was wearing.

There was a man who testified on the stand that the robber who got away was SIX FEET TALL – by god, I'm only 5½! This man testified that he was within arms-distance of the robber and by god he aught to know the difference between 6 feet and 5 feet.

Mom, I realize that your not ~~that~~ rich and I know that you can't do to much – But please, I am innocent, don't let me rot in prison for something I didn't do.

Please write to the court of Last Resort in the argozy magazine and request that somebody please come talk to me.

Love to all
Charles